There were lamps and the odor of blossoms, The whiri of the waltz, and the beat Of instruments tuned to fee depeing; There were yows and responses sweet: And into the chaos of color My heart went seeking a face That floated amid the gay dancers Like a rose blown free in its grace.

A glimpse of gold tresses uncoiling, A glimpse of stars that were eyes; A sigh from a rose mouth soft parted, A smile sweet with mute melodies; And my heart wild whirled with the waltzers And misty the lamps paled, and far The music receded, like straining Of wave o'er an ocean's gay bar.

"You are sad," laughed a voice. "Come

merry, Gay life is fleeting at best; If you carry a heart in your bosom, Get rid of it, friend, with a zest.' But ever the music moaned by me, And ever the face floated fair, And ever I knew that a siren Had lured me to follow for e'er

The lamps went out with the morning

The warm odors drifted away;

The music was bushed, and the dancers in dreams of its melody lay; But e'er, like a beautiful phantom The face, in my path, moved in flight And ever I follow its circling From dawn till the dusk of the night And subtly it 'scapes from my grasping. Like a dream a soul woos to stay; And ever I feel, in mad clasping, A shadow thin, bloodless, and gray; Till I cry in despair: O face fairest, Grown out, like a rose, from a glance, Let me hold thee but once to my bosom.

And death may whirl wild in his dance! THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

Sunday Afternoon Said the Corn to the Lilies: "Press not near my feet, You are only idlers, Neither Corn nor Wheat; Does one carn a living Just by being sweet? Naught answered the Lilies. Neither yea nor nay, Only they grew sweeter All the livelong day. And at last the Teacher Cl anced to come that way. While his tired disciples Rested at his feet, And the proud Corn rustled Bidding them to cat, "Children," said the Teacher "The life is more than mest "Consider the Lilies, How beautiful they grow Never king had such glory, Yet no toil they know. Oh! happy were the Lilies That he loved them so.

THE RAISING OF THE SEIGE OF SAMARIA.

Sermon by the Rev. T. De Witt Tal-mage, D.D., preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, on Sunday morning, Sept. 11, 1881. Subject, "Bread." Text: II.Kings, vii, 1,11, 20:-"To morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the

gate of Samaria. Then a Lord on whose hand the King leaned answered the man of God and said: Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?' And he said: 'Behold thoy shalt see it with tnine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof." And so it fell out unto him; for the peo- there are in it things that they don't ple trade upon him in the gate, and he

In this season of severe drought, and when the consequent fires have left in

Michigan 2,000 families completely destitute, and many of the harvests have Gulliver's Travels, or Robinson Crusoc.
We all started as baboons, and are in the rush for bread. Effort has been made to feed those spiritually dying failed, it will not be inappropriate to speak of bread. Around Samaria is drawn the flery girth of Assyrian vindictiveness. Siege is laid to the city, and soon famine, most ghastly and horrible, appears. In the modern bompardment of a city, there is a grandeur mingled with the terror. The toss and burst of a bomb shell kindles the eye of the artist, while the citizens perish. But there is no imagining the desolation of a city approached by an oldtime siege through years of starvation. The judgment day only can reveal the anguish endured when Hamilear, besieged Utica, and Titus Jerusalem. When Hannibal sought to capture a city, so great was the hunger and destitution that a mouse was sold for two hundred pence. In one of the ancient sieges, the soldiers gnawed their left arms in hunger, while with the right arm they fought. Alas for Samaria! What a crowd of hotlow-eyed and staggering wretches, filled the streets crying for bread! So great was the scarcity of food that an ass's head was sold for \$25. Mothers cooked their children and fought for the disgusting fragments. And still hunger pinched and drank up the life of the great city, and lifted its wolfish howl in the market place, and shoveled its victims into the grave. And still the Assyrian host held the town within its old, tightenits embrace of death and banqueting on the agonies of a morrow the famine will be gone, and you will get a peck of flour for five shillings." A nobleman, who was the confidential friend of the king, stood by and laughed at the idea. He said, "If a window-shutter could be opened in the sky, and a lot of corn pitched out, you might expect it. Ha! ha! you silly prophet, you can't fool me!" The prophet rap ed to the taunt by saying:

"The prophet rap ed to the taunt by saying eyes, but shall not eat thereof." There are four lepers at the gate of the city. they say: "What shall we do; if we go into the city we shall die of the leprosy; if we go into the city we shall die of the famine. If we go out toward the be-sieging Assyrians, the probabilities are that they will cut us to paces, but the best thing that we can do is to throw ourselves upon our enemies." As night begins to come down over the hills, easting funeral shadows upon the dying city and in the surrounding country

As-yrians had fied, scattering canteens and blankets along the highways. The horses and asses of the enemy are still tied. The tents are standing, walk in hungry lepers, and partake of the feast that the Assyrian noblemen prepared for themselves! Help yourselves to all these luxuries! Eat the fruits! Pour the wine! Gather up the gold and silver the dead, and the water was not turned. the wine! Gather up the gold and silver

the wine! Gather up the gold and silver and costly garments.

Word is sent to Samaria that the siege is lifted. Like a voice from God the news went through the city. The gates were opened, and out went the famine struck people. Thousands of dying wretches lifted up their heads from the street, and gave a ghastly smile as it wes, told them that bread was coming, and that prices has gone down until a peek of fire flour was sold for five shillings. There was one word caught in and flung over the city of the dead, and the water was not turned into wine, and the Red Sea was not divided, then the Bible is the worst fraud ever perpetrated in God's universe. My object to day is not to argue the truthfulness of the Bible, but to make you, who believe in it, willing to be laughed at. Surrender nothing! Compromise nothing! Trim off nothing to please the skeptics. If you cannot stand the jeer of your business friends, you are not worth to be one of Christ's disciples; you cannot afford to wait; the dead, and the water was not turned into wine, and the Red Sea was not divided, then the Bible is the worst fraud ever perpetrated in God's universe. My object to day is not to argue the truthfulness of the Bible, but to make you, who believe in it, willing to be laughed at. Surrender nothing! Compromise nothing! Trim off nothing to stand the jeer of your business friends, you are not worth to be one of Christ's disciples; you cannot afford to wait; the dead, and the water was not turned ever perpetrated in God's universe. for five shillings. There was one word caught up and flung over the city and country. It came from poor man's cot and rich man's palace, from city gate and temple tower. It was sounded gate and temple tower. It was sounded by the clapping hands of childhood and by the tremulous accents of old age. It went up in shout and song, laughter and thanksgiving. A plain word, out it thrilled through fainting hearts, and the control of t flushed the pale cheeks, and lighted the glazed eyes, and bounded from the white lips, and filled all the air with light and gladness; and that word was "Bread" All that vast population got the advantage of the fall in price, save one man, and that was the nobleman who had scoffed at Elisha. In the wild rush of the people out of the gate of the city. the scoffing nobleman was run over and trampled to death; and so Elisha's word proved true: "Behold thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof!" Before we come to the more cheerfull phase of the subject, let us attend the funeral of that scoffer who was trod on in the gates. The obsequies shall be brief, I know him well; you all know him. He was an out-and-out rationalist. Give me time and I will show you 20,000 people just like him in Brooklyn. and a hundred thousand just like him in New York-men who believe no more about God and the Bible and eternity then they can reason out with their little intellects. Elisha, at God's command. had prophesied plenty of fine flour on the motrow. "Preposterous!" said the skeptical nobleman; "where is it to come from? Why, every hole and corner of the city has been ransacked for flour. We have eaten up the horses, ay, we are cannibals, and have eaten children and men. There is no prospect that the Assyrians will lift the seige; and yet, Elisha, you insult my common sense and my reason by telling me that to-morrow the mst ket will be glutted with bread supplies Away with your nonsense!" Yet not withstanding it seemed unreasonable the fine flour came; and because of his unbelief the rationalist of Samaria perished. Men and women of God, at this point the great battle of Christianity is to be fought. The great foe of Christianity to-day is rationalism that comes out of our schools and universities and magazines and newspapers to scoff at Bible truth, and caricature the old religion of Jesus. It says Jesus is not God, for it is impossible to explain how he can be divine and human at the same time. The Bible is not inspired, for

Regeneration is a farce; there i

good enough in us, and the only thing

is to bring it out. Development is the

word - development. The Garden of

Eden is a fairy story, and no more to

be believed than the Arabian Nights, or

blood relations to that monkey squirm-

ing about on the top of that hand or-

gan. Lazarus was not dead when

Christ pretended to raise him; he was

only playing dead. The water was not

changed into wine at the wedding, but

Christ brought in some wine that He

had found elsewhere to make up for

the deficiency. Christ did not walk on

the sea, but on the shore, so near that

it seemed as if He really were on the

What is still more alarming is, that

Christian men dare not meet this ridicule. There is not one Christian man in five, that can, unblanched, stand in the presence of all this raillery, saying: "I believe in the whole Bible and in every single statement that it makes."
Christian men try to soften the Bible down to suit the skepties. The skepties the see Christian glory surrounded by his redeemed; hird, to see Christian glory surrounded by his redeemed. sneer at the dividing of the Red Sea; and the Christian goes to explaining that the wind blew a hurricane from one direction a good while until all the water piled up; and besides that, it was low water anyhow, and so the Israelites went through without any trouble. Why not be frank and sad "I believe the Lord God Almighty came to the brink of the Red Sea, and with his right arm swung back the billows on the right side, and with his left arm swung back the billows on the left side, and the abushed water stood up hundreds wasting city. In the midst of all this of feet high, while through their glassy Elisha, in the name of God, said: 'To- wall the sea-monsters gaz't with af wall the sea-monsters gazza with an frighted eyes on the passing stracities? "Oh" you say, "these rational its would laugh at me."Then let them laugh. The Samaritan skeptic laughed at disharbut when, under the rush of the leople to get their bread, the unbellever was trampled to death, whose turn was it to trampled to death, whose turn was it to laugh then? The rationalist comes to you saying, "How about Jonah and the whale? Do you really be feve that fish story?" There were never too many Nantucket fishermen after c le whale as there have been rationalits flying harpoons at the Mediterra fean sea monster, and from that the vhale they have got enough oil to light 10,000 souls to perdition. A skeptic tells you that Jonah would have been killed in the process of swallowing, and that he would process of swallowing, and that he would have been smothered by poor ventila-lation. How the good Christians immediately go to work and try to explain the whole thing by natural laws, so as to please the rationalists, and say that a whale is an air breathing fish; that every little while it comes to the sur-face, and that the whale that swallowed face, and that the whale that swallowed Jonah did the same thing, and thus got a supply for itself and for the prophet. Why not rather say that God can do anything, and He could take Jonah through the whale's throat, although the throat would not have been lalf large enough ordinarily to let him pass. and could have kept him alive in the whale five years without any air, if He had chosen to. Who made the whale? God. Then He could do anything He adding darkness to desolation, the four lepers start for the Assyrians' camp. Coming up where the Assyrians had been, the lepers find nothing but a forposed to be the sound of chariots, and of marching hosts, the pleased with either of them.

Will you cannot under the stand, therefore, you disbelieve, and the fate of the Samarataa rationalist be pleased with either of them.

Will you cannot under the fate of the Samarataa rationalist be yours! 'Behold thou shalt see it with said she.

thine own eyes, but shall not eat there of; and so it fell out onto him, for the ple trode upon him in the gate and

Expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

the dead, and the water was not turned

rules of reason, to morrow a measure of fine flour will be sold for a shekel;

and then as the people rush out of the gates to get the bread, alse for the ra-tionalist! He will be trodgen under

fashioned religion of our fathers, and the cross of Christ on which I have

nung my hopes for eternity, I proclaim

everlasting war against rationalism

Know all men in America and in Ear-ope to whom these words shall come where we stand. An infallible Bible: A supernatural religion! A Savior in whom men must believe or be lost!

was wanted in a garret in one of the lowest streets. He went there and

ous gospel! So wide in its provisions. Whosoever! Whosoever! Mark you that

God stopped Samaria's famine not with coarse meal but the text says fine flour, So the bread of life with which God

would appease our hunger is made of the best material. It is not the ground-

up, coarse cobs of morality mingled with a little grace, but it is a fine gospel

an unadulterated gospel—a pure gos-et. Jesus was fine in his life, fine in his

fers himself to the people saying: "I am the bread of life," "Fine flour for a

shekel." That day, when the gates of Samaria were opened, why did they make such excitement about the flour?

Why did not some one send in ligs or pastry, or fragrant bouquets instead? The people would have thrown away

with the poesies of rhetoric, and the sugar plums of ritualism, and the con-fection ry of sentimentalism. Our the

ology has been sweetened, sweetened and sweetened, until it is as sweet as

ipecacuanha, and as nauscating to the regenerated soul. What the people need is bread—just as God mixes it—

unsweetened, plain, homely, unpre-tending, yet life sustaining bread. That you must have, O, dying soul. Better the smallest crumb of this that ever fell

rom the Master's table, than every-

thing the world can give you. Bread on Calvary, kneaded by knuckles of

earthly torture, and baked in the fires

of the cross! One of the old writers wished he

could have seen t ree things: Rome in its prosperity; Paul preaching; Christ

"When on my new fledged wings I rise, To trend those shores beyond the skies, I'll run through every golden street, And ask each blishful soul I mea— Where is the God, whose praise we sing?

Are you ready to-day to accept him

Instead of floundering about in dark ness, this, that, and the other thing, now taking the Gospei of Theodore Parker, and now the Gospel of Darwin; and now the Gospel of Herbet Spencer;

and now the Gospel of Comte; and now the Gospel of Huxley; take the Gospel

of the two old people who had more re-ligious peace and happiness in one one hour than all these scientists have in a lifetime—the two old people who sat at the either end of the table in your

shildhood. I mean the old people by whose side you would like to be buried.

when your work is done. I place the religion of your father's house against

Christ Jesus. Not many wise, not many noble, are called, but God hath

chosen the weak things to confound the mighty. No elaborate thinking is ne-cessary to understand our religion

You have only to put two deastogether the one is the saddest in idea the uni

verse, and the other is the gladdest: I am a sinner, but Jesus died to save me. The god of M. Comte was what he defined as "The continuous resu tant of all the forces capable of voluntarialy

all the forces capable of voluntarialy concurring in the universal perfectioning of the world." That is not my God. I do not know him. I do not want to know him. My God is Jesus Christ, who came to purdon and save a world, and if I have never done it before, this moment I

Oh, lead me, stranger, to your king."

I have three wishes

n the body.

sympathies, fine in his promises. It means no coarse supply when Jesus of

finture Review. Professor Philipsen calculates that the Moors carried out of Spain, in gold and silver coin, and in moveable valuables, property to the amount of 3,500.-000 ducats. And as the Moors took away all the best coin, and left nothing but the debased mintage behind, this abstraction alone caused immense finan-cial confusion throughout the land. All such industries, too, as remained to Spain, had been in the hands of the Moors; the cloth of Murcia, the silk of Almeria and Granada, the leather of Cerdova, all held a high reputation, but from that time they were never heard of more. The lower kinds of industries, such as potteries, carpetmaking, rope-making, shoe-making and others, suffered equally. The Moors, tor, had been the great bankers of the country, and being able to give higher interests than the Spanish bankers, they held in their hands, in trust, the greater part of the moneys of widows and orphans and religious bodies, and the majority of these found themselves deprived of a large part of their income by the departure of the Moors. The great banks of Spain, that of Valencia heip that. One rule for all—for great brain and little brain, for high fore-headed Greek Professors, and for flat-skulled Esquimaux: "He that believ-eth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believe th not shall be damned." By this announcement of God's word I and Barcelona especially, became ut-terly bankrupt. The agriculture of Spain, which was generally in the worst possible condition, now ceased utterly stand or fall. Come scorn, or criticism, or anathema. An infallible Bible! A supernatural religion! A divine Savior, in whom men must believe or be lost! In behalf of God's work and the oldin many parts of the country. fields lay untilled and gave no harvest, and the immerse wastes called the des dobados-the unpeopled districts-now began to have an existence. As was natural, the cultivators of the poorer parts of the soil of Spain came for-ward to take possession of the rich farms vacated by the Macrish cultivators, while the poor, dry soils which the intricate and ingenious system of canalization of the Moors had alone rendered productive, fell back into a state Further, I learn from the scene in Samaria, how God provides bread to stop a famine. If God had opened the of waste. Many districts, formerly thickly peopled, remained without a living soul, and the houses and cottastop a famine. If God had opened the gate that morning, and but a few loaves of bread had come in, it would have been a mercy. But lo! the flour pours in. Every possible vehicle is em-ployed in bringing it. What is in that pail? Flour. What is in that sack? Flour. What is piled up in the market? ges upon them fell into rains. The only people in Spain who profited by the expulsion were, as was natural, the Duke of Lerma and his family. The Duke contrived to squeeze for himself 230,000 ducats out of the flying Moris-Flour. What is piled up in the market?
Flour. So common that it is cheap.
A measure of fine flour for five shillings! You know that all the nations are famine struck by sin.
They are dying for bread. Here comes through the gates a glorious supply—not one loaf, but an abundance for all, eos; his eldest son, the Duke of Uceda, 100,000; the Conde de Lemos, the hus band of his daughter, about the same sum, and other members of the family in the same proportion. pardon for ail, strength for all, sympa-thy for all! Will you have this bread that came down from Heaven, and which if a man eat he shall never hunger Word came to the Superintendent of a Sabbath school in New York, that he

Old Jack Martin.

He was an eccentric character who porter in the States, but the gold fever lowest streets. He went there and found a boy dying in the straw. He said: "Why have you sent for me?" The boy said: "I attended your Sunday With pick, shovel and pan, he went to work in a gulch on the American river. but fortune was not lavish of her smiles The boy said: I attended your Sunday school." The Superintendent asked: "Why do you look so happy?" The boy answered: "I heard you one Sunday say that when soever a fellow cometh in this particular case, and he found himself flat on bed rock, with not a pound of flour or bacon in his cabin. At a later day he settled down as the to God, he will in no wise cast him out; I beheved it, and Christ has pardoned my sins; and I am on the way to Heaven and I want to bid you good bye." Glor-

regular pastor of a charge in Dutch Flat, where a rade church had been erected by such of the miners as had not lost all their religious inclinations in their search for gold.

A rather good story is told of the manner in which the old man woke up his congregation on the matter of a little back salary due him. On a certain Sabbath morning an unusually large congregation had assembled to hear him discourse. Before the beginning of the service Jack descended from the pulpit and was seen to approach several brawny members of the congregation and wisisper into their ears. When he and whisper into their ears. eturned to his stand the muscled shippers quietly arose and stationed themselves at the door, after which the preacher calmly said:

"My dear brethren, it is now about : year since I first showed up in this pulpit and headed you toward the living pastures on the straight and narrow gospel trail. Twe tried to ladle out the square truth as I caught onto it in my kirmishes through the Holy Writ. my prayers I have shown no partiality, but have wrestled just as hard when asking Heaven to open the eyes of Bummer Jim, and turn him from his wickedness, as I have when imploring that the truth be made manifest to Col. Ward, the owner of the Monarch mine. Now I'm going to talk business to you, after which I will drive ahead with

the regular service. I want money! after your spiritual welfere you prombe taken up, and as I call each man's Arnold, just you circulate the box. Now Doc., spill the dust and set the boys a good example. T p'er up and don't be atraid of dropping a grain or two too much. Contribute your mite that your with milk and honey. Now, Alex Jones, Johnson, I saw the bulk of the wealth on your side of the table in the game at proposed to conduct the Kentuck's last night, and the church Good enough wants its percentage. That's the ticket-nothing mean about the dreaming of all the univer-sities of the world. Come out of that cold fog of rational ism that has been chiding you to the bone, and stand on the rock give the glorious cause a boost-May the Lord be as liberal in shaking down blessings on you. Your next pull Ar kansaw; antee and pass the buck. Hold on, that don't go. You didn't drop three grains into the box. Tip'er up again, and may your blessings be choked off as you choke off the stream

Thus he went over the whole congre gation, none of whom had the check to refuse a contribution. When the dust was broug t forward the preacher said: The cause of the Lord and Jack Martin 'll not suffer now for some months, and I shall continue, as heretofor, to herd your souls on the best theological grass to be found in the gospel ranges. The text chosen reads as follows: "In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.'

From this text he preached such powerful financial sermon that several came forward after the service and wanted to double their contributions.

never done it before, this moment it cast myself at His feet, crying for His mercy upon my soul, and for the salvation of all this people. Aye, famine struck souls, the siege is lifted! Bread for all the starving! A measure of fine flour for five shillings? No! no! no! Without money, without price. Beware lest because there are some things about this religion you cannot understand therefore, you disbelieve, and "Mamie," said he, and his voice was singularly low, "will you be my wife? WIT AND HUMOR.

There is a town in Maine where fash on allows the girls to Banger not, just as they please.

A laborer in Russia get; eight cents a mighty hungry, pretty of en, we should

give him a piece of hers.

What is to be done for a man who ha no mind of his own? His wife should

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "i fairly crazy over the fall fash ons She's got the delirum trimmings " The lumberman sends his logs down

stream and i troduces them to the cir cular saw as his buzz 'em friend. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard,"don" seem to be heeded in any way by the sluggard who generally goes to his

All things sink into repose, The pansy and the woodland rose: And so it's getting hard to stand The straw hat with the purple band. A man fished for two hours in a trout

bite until the farmer's dog happened along that way. At all events, as the remedy is com paratively easy, there is little reason to fear bad results from a so-called "mon-

A searlet glow is in the west, The bird has left its summer's nest;

And now it is high time each fellow Should by aside his white duck vest. # "What's your religion, Mr. Gilbert' asked the landlady of her new boarder 'Ment three times a day.' ply that startled the good woman, and put her into a reverie as to whether the man was a heathen or misunderstood the question.

A young lady recently married read Mother Shipton's prophecy for the first time the other day. "Just my luck!" she exclaimed, throwing down the pr-per. "Here I am newly married, and now here's the world coming to an end.'

"There are seventeen and a half me to every female in the territory of Da-kota." "Well," said Miss Jones, spinster, when she read the above item, girls know what I know, they'd take that half man rather than none at all.

"If you find a locomotive rushing a says a Virginia philosopher ou. spring into the air and come down on the cow-catcher." That's good "spring" advice, but our midsummer plan would be to step off the track.

A horse car conductor who had waited crossed the plains with the fleod of em-igration in '50. He had been an ex-was taking it leisurely, impatiently remarked, "I am of opinion that when tore him from his theological studies Gabriel blows his last trump that those and turned his feet towards the west. too late to get seats will all be women."

"Seth," said Mrs. Spicer, "I wish you would go and see to the furnace; that Kate is putting in coal as if she was firing a locomotive." And when Spice remarked that the girl was perhaps: railway einder-Kate. Mrs. S. grew warmer than ever.

"You mean clastics," replied Mc Gaughy's unsophisticated clerk to an elderly lady who asked for gaiters. "I suppose high-nosed people call them lastics, she said, "but when I get so all-fired stuck-up that I can't say garters. I'll not box my cousin's cars when she e lls 'em ankle-ties. Savy, honey? He savied.

"The aummer has departed, love The leaf is in the sere. The cup of sweet regrets, love, Is brimmed with many a tear, The forest trees are clothed, love, In garniture anew, And, I"-"Ah yes," she int

"That's what you ought to do." "Were you drunk?" asked his hono of a prisoner who had been found in the "Were I drunk?" "Well, the last thing I remember was seeing the City Hall tower I aning over within a foot of my head, and I squatted to get out of the way. If the tower is down I was sob r; if it is up there yet In I admit t at I came awful near having

an strack of the vertigo." A Hot-Water River.

The great Sutro tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nev., of vast quantities of hot water which is encountered in them affords an outlet to 12,000 tons every twenty-four hours, or about 3,000,000 gallons. Some of the water as it finds I'm going to have money, too, before I its way out of the mines has a tempersling a word this morning. You are ature of 195 deg., while four miles from not doing the square thing by me and the mouth of the tunnel the temperature you know it. When I agreed to look ranges from 130 to 186. To obviate the inconvenience which would arise from the vapor such a vast quantity of water ised me a clean two thousand a year, the vapor such a vast quantity of water but during the past year I have received would give off the flow is conducted Now, I have through the entire tunnel, four miles, in stationed a mob of business at the door, a tight flume made of pine. At the and the first impenitent sinner who attempts to make a sneak on the open air seven degrees of heat. Sixty feet below will be the leading character in a lively the mouth of the tunnel the hot water little incident that he will remember as is utilized for turning machinery belong as he lives. A collection will now longing to the company, from whence it is turned off by a tunnel 1,100 feet in name I want him to pull his bag and length, which serves as a water-way.

empty some dust into the box. Tony Leaving the waste way-tunnel the water flows to the Carson river, a mile and half distant. The hot water is being utilized for man purposes. The boys have arranged several pools, where they indulge in hot baths. The miners days may be long in the land that flows and others use it for laundry purposes and arrangements are being with mits and honey. Now, Alex Jones, it's your turn. That was a decent spill. whereby a thousand acres bel aging to Johnson. I saw the bulk of the wealth the company are to be irrigated. It is through iron pipes, beneath the surface of the soil, near the roots of the sands that's a fare share. Judge Mason, skin of fruit trees which are to be planted. your weasel and pay toll or don't travel. and in a similar manner give the necessary warmth to a number of hot houses you, Judge. Now, shorty, chip in, and to be used for the propagation of early fruits and vegetables.

Laborious Authorship.

Harriet Martineau at first believed copying to be absolutely necessary. She had read Miss Edgeworth's account of her method of writing-submitting her rough sketch to her father, then copying and altering many times, till no one page of her "Leonora" stood at last as it did at first. But such a tedious process did not suit Miss Martineau's habits of thought and her haste to appear in print. She found that there was no use copying if she did not alter, and that even if she did altar she had to change back again; so she adopted Abbot's maxim, "To know first what you want to say, and then say it in the first words that come to you." We have a very different style and a different result in Charlotte Bronte's toil in authorship. She was in the habit of writing her first drafts in a very small square book o folding of paper, from which she copied with extreme care. Samual Rogers advice was, "To write a very little and seldom-to put it away-and read it Will you cling to me as the tender vine clings to the—" "Yes, I catch on," often, and show it to good judges." Another contemporary authoress, Mary

Russel Mitford, frankly confesses that she was always a most slow and laborous writer. "The Preface to the Tragedies" was written three times over throughout, and many parts of it five or Almost every line of "Atherton" has been written three times over, and it is certainly the most cheerful and sunshiny story that was ever composed in such a state of helpless feebleness and suffering.

A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

Having Been Given in Mistake for One Dollar It has a Queer History.

A few days ago Mrs. Frederica Wright of Bank street, gave to a colored man a hundred dollar bill instead of a one dollar one. The negro was evidently charge of stealing the money, but he proved to be the wrong person and was brook, last summer, and never got a Baltimore. A distinguished statesman forty years ago was on a visit to Baltimore, and he gave a colored girl what he supposed at the time was a one dollar bill. The next morning the girl opoly," which is really no monopoly a ment, under the supposition that it was a dollar. The proprietor of the store, a most respectable and highly esteemed citizen of Baltimore, noticed with great sion she was under, he informed her the true character of the note and to her he would detain it until an ownwas found. The girl told how she had received it, and persisted that it bad not been stolen, and assented to the gentleman retaining it until the owner was found. He advertised the bill, and the statesman, in answer, called to say that the girl's story was true, and that as her honesty had been suspected she as her honesty had should keep the bill. He then depart-to the scene of his daily triumphs, and in the acquisition of a great fame per-haps forgot the incident. The grocery merchant retained the note, in expectation of the girl returning, but she never called for it, it is supposed being fright-ened and feared being charged with its theft. He deposited it at interest. Years rolled on and she married, bore children and died, and a few years ago a son applied to the merchant for the note and the interest, which now amounted to a large sam of money. This amount the custodian of the fund paid into one of our city courts, in order that the court should decide wheth-

> Opposites in Matrimony. Theodore Parker wrote: Young peo

bill.

er or not the claimant was entitled to it.

money was paid to the heir, and thus

embs the true story of a hundred dollar

ple marry their opposites in temperament and general character, and such marriages are generally good ones. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say: "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my overvehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of duilness and re-When these opposites come together to be wed they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself. Old people never marry their opposites; they many their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and charm the other back again, and by enarm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to, and the road they will go by, and both become reconciled The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and if there be real generosity and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate him-self with one like himself. A perfect self with one like himsen, and complete marriage is, perhaps, as and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. and women are married fractionally; now a small fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think. after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. large and sweet fruit is complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season in. marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

ODD SHIPMENTS BY EXPRESS

Babies, Bears, Snakes and Other Queer Ar ticles of Freight.

"Odd freight? Well, I should we have," sald R. F. Masters, one of the oldest clerks in the main office of the Adams Express Company, on Market street, as he twirled himself around on his high stool and faced an inquiring reporter yesterday afternoon. Mr. Mas-ters talks with great volubility, and as he has a habit of dropping many small words, his conversation was decidedly jerky. "Yes, we ship a little of everything, from diamonds to Chester-white pigs and Limberg cheese. Remarka-ble thing about that cheese. Ever smell any? Rich, penetrating sort of fragrance, ain't it? Case burst in freight-room last Spring. Made every one sick. Two Irishmen tried to shovel it up. Smell nearly turned 'em inside out. Got a Dutchman, regular out-ardout-eat-a-sandwich-in-a-mirute sort of a fellow from Bergmy-r's saloon across the w. y lut he gave out in ten min-utes. Only finished it with help of a box of deodorizer. Phew! They should charge double rates to ship such stuff," and the speaser elevated his nose as though a trace of the diabolical aroma

still lingered in his nostrils. Two babies I ave come through this office, one from Chicago for New York an the other from Washington to this The men on the line made a grea. city. fuss when the Chicago young one was shipped. Telegraph operators all along the route sent dispatches ahead and crow so people went to the depo's to see the baby Came all the way in the cars. Had a hammos all rigged up. New idea, you know, an nessenge a thought it was kind of a joke but they wouldn't like too much work of tha kind. Baby's mother died in Chic got father lived in New York; weighed forty, as pounds. I balleyer over about forty one pounds, I believe; cost about

baby cam along some time after. Both made their trip first class, and see to enjoy things generally. Fed 'em regulation spoon victuals from botels along the lines. Oft n have dead folks shipped. Don't know why they send one by express they. Tang they vany one's going to walk off with a corpse. Yes, a man shipped three short horn cattle e can through to Nebraska about a month ago. Unless he got 'em for nothing they must have cost him a power of morey when he got them. Just think of a man expressing a whole deer carcass two or three thousand miles. About as sensible for a butcher to express a beef through from here to Camden. Last fill a lunatic sent & twelve hundr d-pound block of cedar from California clear to New York. That's nothing, however, for I see some deceived or dishonest, for he failed to one sent twenty barrels of mess pork to return the proper change. Yesterday a colored man was arrested on the land the charges amounted to over \$100. A cinnamon sear came through from Nevada by express last January for the dismissed by the Justice Cashmeyer. Zoological Garden. Said he was tame. This case calls to mind the story of a when they shipped him. . Got loose near hundred dollar bill under like circum- On aha, drove everyone out of the car, stances, well known to the citizens of chewed up half a deer ripped around mong the freight and had a circus all to himself until he was lasso d and fied in a corner of the car with log hains. Oh, yes, they ship lots of mirrors, but the men d n't like 'em. S ven went to a grocery store on Liberty street years' bad lue to smash a looking-near Fayette, and after making a few gliss, you know. Snake till you can't trifling purchases, gave the bill in pay- rest, but they ke p them in boxes. Messengers don't mind 'en. Now, you might think eggs are a nice freight, but they sin't. More expressmen grow bald surprise that it was a hundred dollars and he supposed at once that the woman had stolen it. Ascertaining the delusion she was under he interest to receive a package of the reporter on account of worrying over baskets of consigned to a missionary in the Black

\$2.50 to send it through. Philadelphia

Burning the Straw.

The season for burning the stubble and straw stacks in the gram fields is again approaching, and we suppose, as usual, the smoke will arise from thousands of fields in all parts of the State. How much beef and mutton will thus be committed to he flames! How much fertilizing materials that are absolutely necessary to future crops will then be carried away in gases and smoke and diluted in the thin air? Can the farmers of California afford to continue this profligate practice much longer? The reduced yield per acre points significandly o a correct answer to this question Our bright wheat straw, grown and cured without being blescues and weakened by heavy dews or drozuding rains, is worth more per ton than swate grown mixed grasses of other and wetter countries; and yet we commit milons of tons of this valuable stock food to the flames every year to get it out of the way of putting in the next erop. which for the want of fertilizing proper-The court sustained the claim and the ties will be less valuable by four times the cost of taking care of the straw in other ways. Then we also commit to the flunes all the profits that we migh make by feeding this straw to sheep and eattle. When will we abandon bad practices on our farms? Those who have straw and no stock would make money by giving it to those who have stock and no straw, on condition that it be fed on the land that produced it, or where the manure from it can be transported to the land that produced it.

LITTLE FOLKS.

A beautiful little Brooklyn girl, being eproved the other day by her elder siser for using a slang expression, sharply etorted: Well, if you went into sodety more you would hear slang."

"I saw a big boy and a little fellow quarreling over some marbles to day," said John. "Did you?" asked his father. "I hope you interferred to stop their quarreling." "Yes," said John, "I took the little fellow's part."

"Little Lucy fell and hurt her knes badly, which her mother, when she went to bed in the dark, tried to bandage. Soon the little one was beard calling, "Mamma," said she, "this bandage is not in the right place. I fell

down higher up." The clergyman who tied the knot made a serious sort of speech when the cake was cut. One of the little brides-maids, aged 7 years, was asked by a younger sister to give an account of the ceremony. "Oh," said she, "we had the prayers in church and the ser-

mon at breakfast. During a rainy spell, the table talk was largely about the weather. first pleasant morning Trot spied a ray of sunshine, she called, excitedly, "See, Aunt Bet, see. There isn't any weather this morning.

"Mamma, is it wicked to whistle on Sunday?" "Yes, Sunday is to be kept holy, my boy?" "It is very, very wick-ed?" "Yery," answered the pious mother. The lad rested from his inquiries as if deeply pondering the information he had received, and then glancing up said in a half sorrowful tone, 'Mamma, I guess quails don't go to heaven."

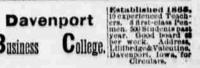
A little girl once said that she would be very glad to go to heaven, because they had plenty of preserves there. On being cross-examined, she took down her catechism, and triumphantly read, "Why ought the saints to love God?" Answer, "Because He makes, preserves, and keeps them.

A preacher in Rock county, Kausas, A preacher in Rock conducting a won-has been for weeks conducting a wonderfully successful revival. "Dear brethren and sisters." he said one day, "this is the last meeting I shall hold It is impossible to keep up a fervor on corn bread and molasses for myself and an ear of corn a day for my horse. God bless you."

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